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The Pope's Easter Message

ALTHOUGH Pius XII spoke to men "in the spirit of alleluia of Easter morn," his was a soberer utterance than usually comes from the Father of Christendom on the Church's chief feast. The vital joy of the Resurrection, key of our hope and basis of our faith, comes to a world deepeningly involved in war. This is a natural theme of the Holy Father's message. He speaks, of course, "with a vigilant consciousness of impartiality in spirit and in the Apostolic office"; his sympathy and his admonitions are not special but universal. It is possible, naturally, to single out passages which apply to particular nations or groups. "Let your consciences guide you in dealing justly, humanely and providently with the peoples of occupied territories. . . . The treatment of prisoners and civilians in occupied areas is the surest indication of . . . civilization," has in the circumstances a definite meaning. So has the Pope's saddened reference to the "generally secret and even public martyrdom which insidious or open impiety makes followers of the Crucified suffer" in those many places where "fidelity to the Church, the public profession of her doctrines, the conscientious and practical observance of her laws, moral resistance to atheism and dechristianizing influences deliberately favored or tolerated, are being openly or insidiously opposed." One is permitted to find here an intentionally exact description of conditions in most totalitarian countries. Yet other parts of the discourse have a wider bearing. When the Pope pleads for "defenseless women and children, the sick and the aged, all of whom are often exposed to greater and more widespread perils of war than those faced at the front," every conscience may well be uneasy that has abandoned its sense of obligation to these victims. And when His Holiness prays for "peace not based upon the oppression and destruction of peoples, but peace which, while guaranteeing the honor of all nations, will satisfy the vital needs and insure the legitimate rights of all"; when he speaks of "mutual sacrifices in order to build upon the accumulated ruins of war a new edifice of fraternal solidarity, . . . with stable guarantees, and with a moral sincerity which would repudiate every double standard of morality and justice for the great and small, or for the strong and weak," he is saying what none of us responsible for either the past or the future of the world as it is today, may pass on with a complacent smile as applying solely to someone else. If we are "to reach the shore of a happier and more deserving future," it will not be by vindictiveness or self-righteousness, but by repudiating from the heart the sins which each nation of us has contributed to make the present calamity so nearly inevitable.

Should Eire Join the War?

THE Easter celebration in Dublin was of a double significance even more so than in most Christian countries. Everywhere there is the joy at Eastertime of the Resurrection, of triumph over death and of heaven regained. But the condition of the world this year emphasizes with overwhelming force the fact of death which has to be overcome and the tragic world before paradise. This year, the Easter alleluias have had a more sober sound than when the world goes gaily, soberer, and we pray, more tested and profound.

In Eire, Easter is the first Christian festival and it is also a great secular memorial day which recalls the violent Easter Week of 1916 and the temporarily beaten revolution for independence and freedom. Both President Hyde and Premier de Valera spoke about the present problem of Irish freedom and both of them were not afraid to recognize that the Irish national struggle is not over, and that her freedom is again threatened terribly: "Death and suffering we shall not be able to avoid if we are attacked," de Valera said . . . "If we have to take up arms—we shall know the cause is just."

In the US, the question of Irish bases is considered very important. The whole problem of Irish participation in the war is thrashed out at length, with public resolutions, lengthy advice, moral speculation, and often short tempers. That is natural because of the geographic importance of Eire to England and because there are an enormous number of Americans of Irish descent, and, perhaps most important of all, because Ameri-

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cans of one degree or another of Irish background are believed to be offering some of the most outspoken opposition to American entry into the war.

On what basis do Americans presume to offer Eire advice about joining or not joining the war? If it is on the basis of practical politics and national advantage for Eire, it would seem to be a great interference in the domestic affairs of another country and generally very know-it-all. It's Eire's problem, and also Eire's view of the whole war is, after all, much closer than ours. If advice is being offered on the moral aspects of the situation, about the virtue of joining the war or staying out, then the problem is the same for this country as it is for Eire, and Americans might well worry about the conduct of this country and get that settled before pushing abroad. Entering the Irish debate would be either shifting a tormenting moral problem to a distant island away from our own consciences, or it would be using the Irish war question as a means of propaganda here. It would be (and is) carrying on a campaign to affect American foreign policy through a thinly disguised proxy.

No Escape from Sing Sing

EVEN the most expensive trains, even the *Twentieth Century,* on their way up the Hudson Valley toward Albany, Chicago and points West, run straight through a prison. At one moment the club cars, the observation cars, the Pullmans and the sleepers go through a cut with buildings and high walls on each side of the right of way, and the trains go through nearly as fast as a man dies by electrocution. This means that hundreds of thousands of citizens have been in Sing Sing Prison who do not know it. These people, this week, have read the story of how three prisoners in Sing Sing murdered a guard, escaped, murdered a policeman, and were recaptured. Two were recaptured; the third was shot. The news stories had pictures of the two on their way back to Sing Sing, and most probably to death, and these pictures were not pleasant to see for they showed what men look like who have no hope.

The measurement of their skulls, environment, crime, prison reform, and the Right of Society to Protect Itself, the vast repercussions—a stone falls into still water—of humiliation and suffering their lives brought to themselves and to others —the pictures and the story suggested whatever each one wished to see. If these men stood there being photographed, it was an inevitable consequence of their crime. What we looked at were two sullen murderers handcuffed to despair. As murderers, indeed, they stood alone. As men—for inalterably they were men—from whom all human hope had been taken, they rejoined a fraternal multitude.

Guiltless in ghettoes, in concentration camps, in the deserts, in the hills, the multitude of soldeirs and civilians, women and children, who in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, are imprisoned this spring.

The TNEC and the War

THE findings of the Temporary National Economic Committee will prove extremely useful for historians of America and for those whose job it will be to formulate policies governing our economy. The final recommendations of the TNEC, however, are a great anticlimax and they are all given an unreal tone by the assumption that nothing can be done during the war crisis anyway. The rather pale, compromise position of the Committee is, nevertheless, first of all anti-centralizing. It looks for a way out of economic troubles through the development of free enterprise. It opposes bigness in private business and offers most of its recommendations as means to prevent monopoly. It registers distrust and dislike of socializing enterprises of government. But it does not show where free enterprise will find a saving creative power.

How far away all this is from what is in fact taking place! The war crisis gives a new stimulus to the prior tendencies in the opposite direction from free enterprise. The efforts at price stabilization give a good indication of which way the economy is going. If the design were simply to raise all prices or check the rise of all prices, the program would not be so significant. If the effort were directed toward one or two sectors of prices, like specific farm products or the output of certain mines, it might appear as temporary relief and less as a change in the traditional American system. As it is, prices are being approached commodity by commodity, and industrial product by industrial product. Ceilings are being raised over certain metals and metal products. The farm program is placing a well padded floor under a variety of farm commodities. Then, to make it more complicated, the Defense Commission's consumer branch is denouncing the rise in price of other farm products, coffee and sugar. The development of a selective control of prices by government looks like an increasing and increasingly wide acceptance of public control of the market—the ancient domain of economic freedom and capitalistic individualism. The war is pushing this development. It seems hardly likely that afterwards the country will want or be able to go back to the TNEC's vision of a system of free enterprise unhampered by big and monopolistic businesses, and unhampered by a socializing government. Before that, the country will be forced to pass through and transcend a long stage of centralized, governmentally planned and managed political economy. In this, the war is an incident, or a catalyst speeding an ominous secular change.

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What is Germany?

An analysis of the national temper of the Germanies.

By **Jan de Groot**

WE ARE ALL CHILDREN of a given historical age, and it is needless to point out that we frequently encounter difficulties in dissociating ourselves from the trends, prejudices and antagonisms of the times we live in. It is definitely one of the tasks of the historian to investigate whether a given phenomenon is intrinsically connected with culture, civilization, racial and national characteristics, political institutions and basic trends, or whether it is merely the outcome of an exceptional situation, a reaction against the very essence of the national character or the thing the Germans call *eine Gegenidee*.

Thus we can easily imagine a member of the British gentry in 1793 trying to interpret to his friend, a Prussian Junker, the excesses of the French Revolution as a genuine manifestation of the French spirit. We might expect to find these two worthy gentlemen excavating all past French crimes: Philip le Bel and the brutal persecution of the Templars, the massacres of the Huguenot wars, the assassinations of Henry III, Henry IV and the Dukes of Guise, the atrocities of the Merovingians, the Jacquerie, the Iron Mask and the Bastille, the horrors of the Albigensian wars and the immoralities of many a French king—all that would be brought out vividly.

Today we see people engaged in a similar attempt to "explain" National Socialism from past German history and "typical" German traits. National Socialism is indeed in certain ways the outcome of a development which manifested itself clearly in the last eighty years of German history, but we have to be very careful not to see in a period of re-action, fermentation, unbalance and sterility a Golden Age in which to find the finest manifestations of the German soul and mind. The German *risorgimento* suffered from an endless variety of alien influences—directly and indirectly—so that a skilful, expert and critical analysis of the neo-German set-up is necessary in order to dissociate clearly the German from the non-German, the basic from the accidental, the action from the reaction, the constant from the intermittent. Similar difficulties and problems we might encounter in the Russian Bolshevik case, but here the analyst's task would definitely be easier as the discrepancies between the two, or rather the three, Russian "Reichs" (Russ, Rossiya and USSR) are clearly manifest to even a casual observer. The three German Reichs do not show such an absolutely clear dividing line, and tribal elements complicate the ideological issues.

These tribal differences are substantial. The North German is different from the South German, and both an inhabitant of Schleswig, who could easily understand a Dane, and a West Hanoverian, who would have no difficulty in following the conversation of two Netherlanders, could not even guess the subject of conversation of a group of Tyrolese. There are about eighty different minor dialectical variations in the Tyrol alone, and even within Austria the inexperienced Viennese might encounter difficulties in understanding Styrians or the dwellers of the Burgenland living forty miles from the ancient capital. Eugen Diesel, the son of the great inventor, tells us in his brilliant book "Germany and the Germans" that there is a road in Thuringia only five miles long which crosses not less than fourteen political "national" borders which were *real* borders before 1871. There is no center, no *urbs* in the Germanies, with such a centralizing, uniting and dominating energy as France's Paris or England's London or Russia's Moscow. It is not incorrect to speak of "the Germanies."

Two tribes have in the last 400 years played an important rôle in the German set-up: the Austrians and the Northeastern Germans, commonly called Prussians, after the title of their ruler from 1701 to 1918.* Both tribes are "colonial" Germans, both lived in parts of the Reich which started their political existence as marches. But Austria had a more rapid development; it was nearer to the great cultural centers of Europe; it served as a citadel for the Holy Roman Emperors. And the Austrians were more artistic, more deeply Germanic† and culturally more productive than the "Prussians"; the famous Nibelung-Saga is of Austro-Bavarian origin and while "Prussia" can only boast of gothic and classic as

* The Elector of Brandenburg inherited Prussia at the end of the sixteenth century. As Elector he was a vassal of the Holy Roman Emperor, as Duke of Prussia a vassal of the King of Poland. In 1701 he assumed the title of King in Prussia and later King of Prussia. But Brandenburg and not Prussia was the heart of the Prussian kingdom.

† An hour's drive from Berlin we still encounter large Slavic settlements in the very heart of the Prussian domain.

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architectural styles, the Austrians can pride themselves on buildings of the romanesque, renaissance, baroque periods as well. Yet feudalism was stronger in Prussia and the reaction, in the form of monarchical absolutism, therefore more marked. Absolutism (and centralism) on the other hand need a large and efficient bureaucratic machinery, and the considerable urban agglomerations of the North German plain in a later period contained a broad middle-class element which aspired to careers in the civil and military service. Austria had only few and small cities, with a comparatively small middle class. Forms of a semi-medieval, patriarchal régime survived therefore in this sector of the Reich much longer than elsewhere. Catholicism in Austria and Lutheranism in Prussia deepened these diverging tendencies, and the immigration of French Huguenots to Brandenburg and Prussia provided in feudal Prussia a basis for a middle class, thus laying the ground for a centralized state guided by the principles of hard work, efficiency, realism, industry and commerce. The French Huguenots and not (as Herr Förster wants us to believe) the descendants of the Teutonic Order are the forerunners of the thing Count Keyserling calls the "Americanization" of the Germanies.

Theodore Fontane tells us that by the beginning of the eighteenth century almost half of the population of Berlin spoke French, and it is actually the megalopolitan, identitarian spirit of Berlin which is the Prussian reality. It is the short and stumpy proprietor of the cigar-shop with the fat neck and the bellowing voice, remembering with nostalgia the times he served as N.C.O., who is the enthusiastic nazi, and *not* the member of the *Herrenklub* or the Colonel of the crack cavalry regiment. Without the French Huguenots and a large middle class, Prussia would have remained a dreamy, sloppy feudal state like Hanover or Mecklenburg, and not that industrial Leviathan which alone, since the nineteenth century, is able to wage successful large-scale wars.

Many a great officer in the Prussian army (like Ludendorff) has been of middle-class origin. Many a famous "Prussian" military leader has been a foreigner, like Gneisenau (an Austrian), Blücher (a Mecklenburgian), Hindenburg (a Hanoverian), Scharnhorst (equally a Hanoverian). Frederick II was almost purely French, if we analyze his ancestry,‡ and Yorck was of English descent. Yet in spite of the urban-bourgeois character of a modern army, the Junker spirit, of course, has somehow managed to survive.

The Austrians

There are many misconceptions about the Austrians as well. They are polite, they once produced the best music in Europe, and Vienna is the only city in the world which has entirely a music of its own. Yet they can be immensely brutal (not cruel, but brutal) and for centuries they had led the Holy Roman Empire and crushed the Turks, and not with new waltz melodies or picturesque regional costumes. When Grillparzer said to Radetzky, Austrian generalissimo: "In Deinem Lager ist Österreich," he really meant what he said. The Habsburgs have one of the best records as rulers in the annals of European monarchy, and up till 1914 no ruler of that dynasty was assassinated; yet they were not soft or pliable. Even Maria Theresa was an energetic lady, and there was hardly ever anybody less compromising than Francis Joseph. The history of Vienna is more sanguinary than that of Berlin. Whereas the nazis could dissolve the parties of opposition by mere decrees, the Austrian government when it assumed dictatorial powers had to fight it out with each opponent on the basis of blood and bullets.

Prussia was victorious over Austria because she was more modern, "progressive," efficient, more sold upon the principles of utilitarianism and less bound by sentimentalities. Her victory in the fight for German hegemony was deplorable inasmuch as she was less German, less European, less "original" than Austria. Her past is connected with an endless series of treaties with France and other powers hostile to the First Reich; Frederick II, the friend of Voltaire so much admired by Carlyle, was in fact one of the greatest traitors to Germandom, and without the subsidies of Louis XIV and Richelieu's policy, the foundations of greater Brandenburg would never have been laid.

The German character

As for the German character *per se,* I shall try to summarize it.

(1) There may be no such thing as the German character. Count Keyserling in his witty "Europe" ("Des Spektrum Europas") cites Count Benckendorff, Russian Ambassador in London, who said: "Ne dites pas les Allemands; il n'y a que des Allemands." And he adds: "Every German is actually a monad without a window; we should not therefore be surprised that the inventor of monadology was a German." Eugen Diesel similarly sees only different tribal characteristics with few common traits. Both agree that the Germans form the heart of Europe. They live between London and Constantinople, Rome and Stockholm, Paris and Warsaw, Madrid and Moscow. They are said to have the speculative depth of the Russian, the heaviness of the Dutch, the cleanliness of the Scandinavians, the commercial spirit of the English, the musical genius of the Czechs, the poetical mind of the Poles. Also their less positive traits seem to be taken from their

‡ See the excellent little book, "Blut und Erbe," by Otto Forst de Battaglia.

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neighbors. Yet the spirit, the richness and inventiveness of their language points to Russia, *Weltanschauung* has its equivalents in Russian and Hungarian, not in French or English. The German heart is flooded by light and clarity, yet the German mind is shrouded in creative somberness.

(2) Germandom is basically Catholic, not Protestant. The statistics show a 55:45 relationship in favor of the latter, and the "great men" of the last 200 years seem to come largely from the Protestant area. Yet the German reality is Catholic. The old cultural centers like Vienna, Cologne, Mayence, Munich, Augsburg, Salzburg, Strasbourg, Bamberg, Breslau, Bonn, Münster, Paderborn, Fulda, Hildesheim, Würzburg are *terra catholica*. Cities like Nuremberg, Frankfort, Stuttgart, Göttingen and Heidelberg have a large Catholic minority. The German linguistic borderland is embedded everywhere in Catholic territory, except from lower Silesia to the Baltic, through Sleswig and the last twenty miles along the Netherlands frontier to the North Sea. Germandom breathes through Catholic pores. The Germanies which attract the foreigner are Catholic. And of the political leaders of post-War Germany there were few who were not born Catholics. Of the famous non-Catholic Germans, there were few who had no respect for the Church. Goethe, Schiller, Wagner all worked in the very shadows of the great cathedrals.

(3) Neither is conscription a Prussian invention nor militarism a German (or for that matter an Italian) disease. The most famous soldiers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the Spaniards and the Swiss. The French Revolution brought to Europe democracy; militarism and conscription followed from the fact that people had equal rights and equal duties. The frenzy of goose-stepping as well as theatrical Caesarism comes from the historically late unification of the two countries on both sides of the Alps. It emanates from the condemnable but comprehensible subconscious desire to "catch up."

(4) Nationalism is rather a French than a German poison. It goes with republican and democratic tendencies toward the worship of the common characteristics of the people. A staunch conservative like Metternich knew what he did when he persecuted "nationalists" brutally, for philosophical as well as for political reasons. No European monarch can be a "nationalist," because his wife, his mother, his in-laws, his grandmothers and his maternal grandfather are probably foreigners. Monarchs are usually "Europeans," and the standard, age-old accusation of Republicans in Europe has been that kings (and queens even more so) are traitors; that they are Europeans first and "local" administrators later. Jacques Bainville, who in spite of his narrow French point of view was sometimes a great prophet, wrote the following passage in the fall of 1914, protesting against Liebknecht's use of the word "national" in connection with Germandom:

> A German republic, as Liebknecht's revealing remark well indicates, would necessarily be accompanied by a great *nationalist* movement. It would be spurring the monster on. The German revolutionaries . . . would be stubborn and bellicose patriots, just like our own leaders of the Convention, because the first task imposed upon them would be to maintain Germany, "one and indivisible," against all foreign opposition.

When the German Emperor fled over the Dutch border, the battle for the European type of democracy was won, but the victors had forgotten the dry and pitiless conclusions of Plato and de Tocqueville, who were firm in the conviction that this form of government evolves toward dictatorship. The night the Imperial train crossed the frontier, the way for Adolf Hitler was open.

(5) Nationalism, racialism, continental democracy are "identitarian" movements. They stand *for* identity and combat diversity. Prussian supremacy (the establishment of the Second Reich) was the first step in the wrong direction; the Weimar Republic began the destruction of hierarchic forms and National Socialism demands "racial" uniformity. One people, one party, one race, one class, one religion, one state. Almost every human characteristic can be changed: nationality may be lost or gained, wealth can be levelled, convictions can be adapted, interior borders eliminated. Race cannot be changed, so it must be persecuted with fire, sword, prison, exile. The Jew is different; he is therefore a traitor, a menace to uniformity. And herein lies the great German tragedy, that a country which showed 100 years ago the greatest variety, latitudinarianism and diversity is now reduced to one single pattern. France and England (and America also), with long standing collectivistic traditions (running parallel with traditional liberty), were immune to that sinister form of madness which puts stress on even the uniformly colored shirt. Uniformism in the West was fostered by the Industrial Revolution, which came later to the "retarded" countries of the East and South. But it came with disastrous violence. The uniformistic centralism of the French Revolution was imitated with enthusiasm by the nazis, who do not permit the use of provincial flags or even the hoisting of the colors of a town. Both words, *national* as well as *socialist*, indicate a collectivist program, the synthesis of the most potent anti-individual creeds culminating in the sentence, "Ein Deutscher ist so gut wie jeder anderer Deutsche."

(6) Political differences still survive. Uniformity of thinking is still only a superficial affair. If we could stop a subway train in Berlin and in New York and cross-question the riders for their political convictions, we would get an interesting

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result. All New Yorkers would admit they believe in a republic as the best form of government and in democracy as the best form of society. Even the few communists would declare that their ideology is democracy, and not an outlandish import. Whereas in Berlin people would confess (in secrecy) to the most diverging political views, most of them lacking a common denominator; we would find pagan nazis, religious socialists, liberal nationalists, Catholic centrists of all shades, constitutional monarchists and reform-socialists, democrats, conservatives, adherents of the Holy Roman Empire, German-Christian nazis, Black-Front supporters, Ludendorffians, etc., etc. The nazis consider uniformity as a great advantage and strength, and they rather admire the uniformity of political thought in the West. One of them confessed to me once that another parliament in another generation would be quite feasible, when the ideological uniformity of New York or Little Rock has been achieved.

I still have not answered the question of what Germany is. It is a very complex country and it would take volumes to explain it—unsatisfactorily. There is only one certainty we have, and that is the fact that National Socialism is far from being German. Humanity is no more characterized by cancer than Germany by National Socialism. Not even as a disease is it typically German. Neither is it correct to use the phrase "putting the clock back," in the historical sense, however much theory might wish it so, because we look in vain in the annals of the Germanies for such an outbreak of foul collective furor.

The question is now what the world should do about the Germanies. The question, "What shall we do with a sick and irresponsible person?" demands exactly the same answer. He has to be cured. If his illness is madness, he must be brought to his senses again, to be himself again. This may involve a painful operation. And tears and even pain for those who operate upon him. Yet charity should not be denied for one moment to the unfortunate patient. For this reason we deem it highly unfortunate to see people trying to make a case against Germans as such, trying to identify the disease with the diseased and to rouse hatred against the very victims of the affliction. If there must be a crusade, let there be a crusade, but it would be morally lost the very moment it is waged out of hatred and prejudice, rather than out of love and charity.

Dostoievski on Germany

By **Dimitry V. Lehovich**

OVER all Europe there hangs something fateful, horrible, and what is more important, something close at hand. Thus wrote Feodore M. Dostoievski in 1877.

During his whole life, and especially in his last few years, Dostoievski had an ever-growing missionary urge to put before the public his innermost ideas and beliefs. He, of course, had done this in almost all his novels; but obviously this medium has its limitations for expressing ideas. In order to escape the conventions imposed on the novelist, Dostoievski decided to publish *A Writer's Diary,* wherein he could thresh out at his ease the subjects that fired his imagination. This journal came out at irregular intervals in the years 1876 to 1881, and was financed out of the author's meager earnings.

In this undertaking Dostoievski was assisted by his wife, who, with the help of a servant and sometimes of the nursemaid, mailed the magazine to its subscribers. It touched on many questions of contemporary life now irrelevant; but certain passages, especially those devoted to historical analysis and full of dark premonitions and prophecies, have today quite exceptional interest.

Strange as it may seem, in spite of an abundant literature on Dostoievski in English, and despite his influence on thought and letters, *A Writer's Diary* has never been completely translated, although excerpts from it (some of which are here quoted) were published in English under the title of "Pages from the Journal of an Author" (published by John L. Luce & Co., Boston, 1916).

"In Europe," says Dostoievski, "this Europe where so many treasures have been amassed—the whole social foundation of every nation is undermined, and will perhaps crumble away tomorrow, leaving no trace behind, and in its place will arise something radically new and utterly unlike that which was before. And all the treasures which Europe has amassed will not save her from her fall, for in the twinkling of an eye all riches too will be destroyed." (August, 1880, Ch. I, Part I.) "The fact is that we truly are on the eve of the greatest and most stirring events and upheavals in Europe *and this without any exaggeration.*" (November, 1877, Ch. III, Part II.)

Apocalyptic prophecies similar to these cover many pages of *A Writer's Diary.*

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". . . Something will come," says Dostoievski in another chapter of this journal, "which none imagine, all these parliamentarisms, all social theories nowadays professed, banks, science, Jews —all will be annihilated in a single instant and leave no trace. . . . All these things are near, 'at the gate.' The symptoms are terrible. . . . One small portion of mankind shall not hold the rest in slavery; yet it was solely for this purpose that all the civic institutions of Europe (long since unchristian and now perfectly pagan) have hitherto been formed. This unnaturalness and these *'insoluble' political questions must infallibly lead to one huge, final, disintegrating, political war, in which all Powers will participate* . . . and do you think that society now can endure a long political war? . . . All factories and banks will be closed as soon as the war begins to be protracted or threatens to be a long one, and millions of hungry mouths, of miserable proletarians, will be thrown into the street. . . . Do you think they will wait and starve patiently as before? After having tasted political socialism, after the International, after the socialist congresses and the Paris Commune? No, it will not be as it used to be. They will hurl themselves upon Europe and all the old things will crumble forever." (August, 1880, Ch. III, Part III.)

The excerpts that follow, deal with Dostoievski's views on Germany; they are translated especially for this article. They are of particular interest in the light of contemporary events. It should be borne in mind that what follows was written after the Franco-Prussian War, in which France was so disastrously defeated.

[Dostoievski thinks that] every great people believes and must believe, if only for the sake of a long existence, that it and it alone holds the salvation of the world; that it lives in order to stand at the head of other nations, to draw them all into its orbit, so as to lead them all in harmonious unity to their final goal, to their ultimate destiny.

I insist that this was the case with all great nations, ancient and new alike, that only this faith raised them to the position of having, each in its own time, an immense world-wide influence over the fate of mankind. This undisputably was the case of ancient Rome; this also was the case of Rome during the period of its Catholic existence. Later, when France inherited the Catholic tradition the same thing took place in France, and for almost two centuries, until her recent downfall and dejection [the Franco-Prussian War of 1870] she unquestionably felt herself at the head of the world morally, and at times politically—its leader in progress, and its guide to the future. (January, 1877, Ch. II, Part I.)

But this was also the constant dream of Germany . . . Germany's problem . . . her crucial as well as universal question . . . has always been, and always will remain the same. It is her *protestantism,* not only that protestant formula which found its expression in Luther's time, but her perennial *protestation,* her endless *protest*—against the Roman world, against all that meant Rome, and all things Roman; against everything that was passed on by ancient Rome to the new Rome, and to all those nations that adopted from Rome her ideas, her formulas and her elements; against the successors of Rome and against everything that forms her legacy. (May-June, 1877, Ch. III, Part I.)

The most characteristic, essential trait of this great, proud and peculiar people, from the first moment of its appearance in history, lies in its consistent refusal to merge, whether in its aims or its principles, with the rest of Western Europe, that is with all those who inherited their mission from ancient Rome.

It *protested* against this world all of two thousand years and although it did not utter (and never so far has uttered) its own Word,* its strictly formulated Message in place of the ancient Roman ideal—yet it always seemed to be inwardly convinced that it was capable of proclaiming this new message, and of becoming the leader of mankind.

It fought with the Roman world as far back as the days of Arminius; later, in the period of Roman Christianity it struggled more than anyone else for supremacy against the new Rome. Finally it protested in the strongest and most powerful way by evolving a new formula of *protest* from the innermost dynamic sources of the Germanic world—it proclaimed the freedom of scientific search and raised the banner of Luther. The rupture was terrific and universal; the formula of protest was found and fulfilled, although it still was *negative,* and the new and *positive* word had not yet been uttered.

And now, after having proclaimed this *new word* of protest, the Germanic spirit temporarily seemed to die down, and this coincided with a similar weakening of the strictly formulated unity of forces in its opponents.

The Western world under the influence of the discovery of America, of a new science, and new principles, was seeking a rebirth into a new truth, into a new phase.

When the first attempt at such reincarnation occurred at the time of the French Revolution, the Germanic soul was greatly perturbed and almost lost for a time its integrity and faith in itself. It could oppose nothing to the new ideas of the Western European world; Luther's Protestantism had long since outlived its time, and the idea of free search had long ago been taken for granted by universal science. The huge system of Germany felt more than any other the lack, so to speak, of body and form for its expression.

It was at this point that it realized the urgent necessity to unite, if only outwardly, into a single, harmonious system, in anticipation of the coming new phases of its eternal struggle with the Western European world. (May-June, 1877, Chapter III, Part I.)

. . . Having completed its unification, Germany hurled herself at the enemy and engaged him in a new period of struggle, which she began with blood and iron.

. . . After the Franco-German War . . . the intoxication of victory, pride and complete faith in their unlimited power turned the heads of almost all the Germans. A people that rarely was victorious, that was extraordinarily often beaten—this people suddenly crushed an enemy which had almost never before known defeat.

And since it was clear that this people could not help being the winner, due to the splendid discipline of its vast army, reorganized in a unique way along completely new lines, and having, moreover, such men of genius at its head, the German people quite obviously could not help becoming vain to the point of intoxication. Here we need not even blame the usual self-satisfied boastfulness of every German—a proverbial trait of the German character.

On the other hand, the political structure recently so divided suddenly transformed itself into such a harmonious whole that here again the German had no doubts left, and believed implicitly that the unification of Germany was complete, and that she was about to enter a new, brilliant and great phase of her development. Thus, besides pride and chauvinism, something like recklessness came into existence; what doubts at this point could enter the mind of a professor or even a statesman, let alone an aggressive shopkeeper or shoemaker? (May June, 1877, Chapter III, Part II.)

. . . After the collapse of France . . . the German is certain

*The Russian is *slovo,* which is analogous to the Greek *logos* and has much the same philosophic overtones.

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of his triumph, and he is convinced that no one can take his place as leader of the world and its regeneration.

His faith in this is proud and unbounded; he believes that nothing in this world is higher than the *German spirit* and *message,* and that Germany alone is capable of proclaiming it. Even the thought that there may be something in the universe, if only at the embryonic stage, which Germany, destined to rule mankind, does not possess—even such a thought would amuse him. (January, 1877, Chapter I, Part I.)

The idea of united Germany is wide, majestic, and looks deep into the coming centuries. Her aim is all of Western humanity. She designated Western Europe for herself in order to introduce in it her principles in place of the Roman and Latin order, and appointed herself its future leader. (November, 1877, Chapter III, Part III.)

Meanwhile, it would not be amiss to note, if only in parenthesis, that in all the nineteen centuries of her existence, the ever-protesting Germany had never yet proclaimed her *new message,* and lived all that time only on *negation* and *protest* against her enemy. Thus a strange phenomenon seems possible—that Germany, after having won her final battle, and destroyed all against which she protested for nineteen centuries—will find herself condemned to die spiritually, following her enemy, as there will be no reason left for her existence, there *will be nothing left against which to protest.* (January, 1877, Chapter I, Part I.)

This analysis of Germany's rôle in world history is unique and seems especially striking at the present time, two generations after the death of Dostoievski, when the human race is confronted again with another German *protest* of extraordinary dimensions. Having raised her mighty voice first against the treaty of Versailles, and then against the whole political, economic and social structure of Western Europe, Germany in a titanic struggle has defeated her enemies on every front, with the exception of England.

What is the rôle of the nazi movement in world history? Is it a dynamic *protest* against the old *status quo* in the West, as Luther's doctrine centuries ago was a protest against the Catholic world? Or is it the *new message,* the *new word,* as Dostoievski likes to call it, which Germany is ready to proclaim to mankind?

The theorists and philosophers of National Socialism insist that their movement is this *new word,* emphatically pronounced for the coming thousand years.

This proud movement based on the doctrine of German race superiority, and consequently on utter contempt for various neighboring races, has in it something of the traditional Germanic mythology mixed with a conception of regimented, antlike humanity which is closer to the impersonal masses of the Soviet Union than to the heroic ideal of Teutonic legend.

As in Soviet Russia, its dejected and silent masses are periodically brought into the limelight in order to demonstrate with military bands, banners, and other paraphernalia of twentieth century mass showmanship emotions which perforce must meet with the approval of the ruling party; and the crowning point of the nazi ideology is the cult of the Leader, in whose infallibility in all realms the German world must believe.

National Socialism and all it stands for, with its *negation* of the old order and championship of the have nots against the haves, in spite of a desperate urge to proclaim a new message, still utters the eternal Germanic *protest.*

The promise of a new world order and the inability to formulate it seem to show that Dostoievski's prophecy regarding the final failure of Germany's historic mission may not be too wide of the mark.

Hard-Boiled Parish

"A priest imbued with the best spirit of religion . . ." does wonders.

***By* Stephen V. Feeley**

IN 1910 the district surrounding St. John Kanty's Church in East Side Buffalo was known widely as the "Bloody Eighth Precinct." It had blocks of drab houses, occupied almost exclusively by poor immigrants and their American-born children. About twenty years before, Buffalo had received more than 100,000 of the same race, but those settled around St. John Kanty's were conceded to differ from the rest. Staunchly they clung to old country language and customs, and fiercely and literally fought the rest of the city.

There were fifteen gangs of railroad car burglars in the area, who fought each other for supremacy, but often they collaborated in gun battles with railroad detectives and city police. The district had the reputation of sending more men to the electric chair than any other sector of New York State. So many of its boys were sent to Elmira State Reformatory that local wags dubbed the institution "East Buffalo Prep School."

Policemen walked the side streets in pairs, because so many lone policemen had been mobbed. One citizen, who dared join the hated police de-

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partment, had to be rescued from angry neighbors who hanged him from a railroad bridge in an effort to express their attitude toward such an evidence of civic mindedness and personal ambition on the part of one in their midst.

The gang leaders were undisputed neighborhood heroes and held court in the numerous saloons. The saloons were the only recreation centers in the area and had pool rooms for young men and dance halls for young women. There was one large field in the congested precinct, but it was owned by a railroad and its "no trespass" signs were rudely enforced.

Shootings and brawls were common in the saloons on Saturday nights, when a special riot squad waited in the Eighth Precinct House. But if no call came for the squad, it raided one of the taverns anyway to avenge the recent beating of a patrolman or "just to beat a little law into 'em."

Father Gartska comes

At least ninety percent of the people were Catholics, but only about a third practiced their religion. Several pastors, appalled by conditions in the parish, fled as soon as they could. After one had stayed only two months, the Reverend Andrew S. Gartska was sent there. Immediately he was nicknamed "Shorty" by the corner loungers, who insulted him as he passed. Although the church had a debt of $150,000, his first Sunday collections amounted to just $7.30.

To meet his parishioners he gave a lawn fête. This was a great social success, but St. John Kanty's parish profited nothing, because willing workers stole every cent that came into their hands.

Father Gartska came as a surprise to the few faithful parishioners. He never ascended his pulpit to complain or scold, but one Sunday he preached a sermon in which he sounded harsh because he was telling plain facts. He said he knew what was wrong with his erring flock and said he intended to do something about it.

The most valuable asset the parish had was a large school building with a hall in the basement. He began dances in the hall on Saturday evenings, with a nominal admission fee. The dances were permitted to last as long as the dancers' endurance, which usually was early Sunday morning. Some elements professed to be scandalized by these early Sabbath soirées, but they had another shock coming. Father Gartska learned that some of the poorest girls preferred to go to the dimly-lit saloon dance halls, where their old and unfashionable clothes would not be as noticeable as in the parish hall.

Without more ado, he hired a dressmaker-hairdresser to give free lessons in the parochial school. Young and old women flocked to the classes and Buffalo's first free beauty culture school was established.

Early in 1911, Father Gartska broke down the hostility between the people and railroads enough to get permission to use the railroad lot as a playground. Then he organized a baseball team, deliberately selecting nine young men who were considered the toughest in a district which gloried in being the toughest in Buffalo. Six of the original nine had spent time either in Elmira State Reformatory or Auburn State Prison. To equip them he sold statues out of his church to newer parishes.

This team was what the French might term "a success foolish." Fortified by a frenzied neighborhood loyalty, it won consistently and by the end of its first season was well on its way to championship of the Buffalo Municipal Baseball League. As Father Gartska hoped, this quickly ousted the gang leaders as heroes for the boys and young men. At their pleading he formed ten other teams and coached them all.

Adroitly he called team meetings on Saturday evenings in the school. After the meetings the young men naturally joined the young women for the usual dance. Few except the saloonkeepers suspected that an ingenious Saint George was giving the saloon-dragon some blows. A few came to complain and were met by a sympathetic businessman, who had financial problems of his own and sincerely asked them for advice. Soon the St. John Kanty's Businessmen's Committee, named with tactful euphony, was in existence. This committee not only gave Father Gartska sterling advice, but even took some from him, for in a steady unspectacular way members dropped the more nefarious attractions which had thrived in their saloons.

It didn't take the hard-bitten and hard-pressed people of the parish long to discover that Father Gartska's rectory was the place to take their troubles. Wives thought nothing of calling him out of bed early in the morning to bring a tardy husband home from a saloon, because he always went. Women came to cry over meals ruined by the inept operation of the new-fangled gadgets which came into the neighborhood with gas and electricity, so he set up model kitchens in the school at the expense of the utility companies, who also supplied lecturers on cooking.

Classes in English, American history and civics were begun after men complained that their poor English or lack of American citizenship held them to menial jobs. Teachers came willingly, or were worn down by Father Gartska's persistence. Parents could not afford higher education for their boys, but Father Gartska decided that some, with specialized study, might qualify for civil service posts, and men in important government positions in Buffalo gladly came to guide the studies. Good craftsmen and tradesmen in the parish were flattered by being asked to teach their vocations.

By 1915, St. John Kanty's parochial school building literally trembled with activity every

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night in the week and all day Sunday. The spirit of self-improvement was infectious; in time, hardly a man, woman or child in the parish but found some business to take him to the parish school several times a week.

Spiritual results

Church attendance began a steady rise when the baseball players came to Mass on Sunday mornings to pray for victory on the diamonds that afternoon. More women began to approach the altar for communion after the grateful sewing class began to make vestments and altar linens. The first books they bought explaining church history and liturgy to guide their sewing, have since grown into a 4,000 volume library.

St. John Kanty's Church and its kindly pastor had become such a necessity to the parishioners that support of them was a pleasure; Sunday collections by 1915 had increased to about $300.

The police were the last to appreciate what Father Gartska had accomplished in the Eighth Precinct, although records of decreasing arrests lay under their noses and they could patrol the streets singly. When a resolute Father Gartska appeared beside one of his parishioners in court any time they were arrested, police stopped exaggerating trivial offenses into great crimes before the judge. The judges sensed the great social vision of the earnest priest and before long they had made him something of a one-man probation department.

A common boyish peculation was the raiding of farmers' stalls in the Broadway Market. This stopped when Father Gartska showed mothers that their heavy, monotonous meals were driving their children to theft in order to vary them, and the cooking classes got new pupils. Shoplifting was common among young women, but this stopped when Father Gartska sent them to the sewing classes to make their own pretty clothes. Juvenile delinquency was vanishing in Father Gartska's district—until automobiles became common and then it rose sharply. Police were the first to say "We told you they were born crooks." But Father Gartska bought some old automobiles, put them in the school yard and urged the boys to tinker to their hearts' content. The auto thefts dropped and from then on police were on Father Kartska's side. More often delinquents were rushed to his rectory rather than to the precinct house.

From 1920 to 1930, Buffalo had more crime than at any time in its history and East Buffalo had one of the city's most vicious bootlegger gangs, but crime continued to decrease where Father Gartska was an influence. He kept his people too busy to be bad. During the decade the old school building became too small to contain the parish social program.

Despite the growing economic depression the parishioners demanded a new building. With some misgivings, St. John Kanty's Lyceum was built at a cost of $400,000 and was opened in September, 1931. Built to accommodate the forty parish societies and organizations, the building is a city block long and four stories high, including the basement. When the WPA, New York State, and Buffalo began their adult education programs, they could find no better model than St. John Kanty's parish. The agencies started twenty-seven classes in the building and at times more than 8,000 persons were working or playing in the Lyceum at one time.

The Lyceum

The debt on the building is still large, but nobody is worried about it. The building could not be duplicated today for $500,000, architects say. At the request of Buffalo authorities, St. John Kanty's gave its educational and recreational services to persons outside the parish free for two years, but four years ago the city appropriated $150 a month for the parish's services. This is a mere pittance compared to what parishioners donate and earn for their own program. One spectacular pageant given by parish talent brought in $15,000. Rentals of the halls, bowling alleys, cafeteria, gymnasium, classrooms and art studio amount to about $8,000 a year. Dramas and social affairs given by the parish also bring in a steady income. The Holy Name Society, one of the largest now in Buffalo, donates $1,000 every year. Recently the sewing class turned over its treasury of $4,000 to be used by Father Gartska to combat juvenile delinquency.

The Lyceum is closed only from 3 to 8 a.m.—every day of the week. Rules for its use are sensible and enforced. Only one person has been excluded from the building for misconduct in nine years.

Police Commissioner Austin J. Roche was one of the policemen who used to patrol in pairs in the old "Bloody Eighth Precinct." "The entire Buffalo police department could not have accomplished what Father Gartska did there," Commissioner Roche says. "The precinct is now one of the most law-abiding in Buffalo. If we had more Father Gartskas we might not need a Crime Prevention Bureau."

On September 25, 1935, the late Pope Pius XI made Father Gartska a Monsignor. Pope Pius cited him as "a priest imbued with the best spirit of religion, who exercised his parochial duties to the great benefit of needy youth and souls."

Father Gartska is the despair of reporters who attempt to interview him. Instead of talking about himself or his work, he tries to inveigle the newspaper people into starting journalism classes for his young people.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

FROM Father W. Howard Bishop, formerly a rural pastor in Maryland, and now the head of the Home Missioners of America, I have received a number of copies of *The Challenge,* the little magazine of the movement led by Father Bishop, which now has its headquarters at Glendale, Ohio, where three priests and a very small group of seminarians at last have made a permanent establishment, after many years of preparatory work.

It must be nearly ten years ago that I passed a day with Father Bishop, when he was in charge of a rural parish in Maryland, and heard from him some, at least, of the ideas, the net result of which have now been brought into the field of practical work, looking toward a wider realization of a most gigantic task, namely, the planting of the Church throughout those parts of our country now devoid of priests. I regard it as a hopeful coincidence that I have just met Father Bishop again, now actually launched upon the great task of which he was dreaming years ago, at so inspiring a place as Maryknoll, where we both were guests one day in Holy Week.

For at Maryknoll, as no doubt this new pioneer of the never-ending, always-beginning, Apostolate of the Church thankfully remembered, another little group of dreamers made a beginning of the realization of their dream about a quarter of a century ago, under circumstances of poverty, and humbleness, and the general indifference of others, very similar to those that the Home Missioners of America are now facing. But today at Maryknoll there stands the ever-growing and already massive Mother House of the Priests, Sisters and Brothers of the Maryknoll movement, with its handful of pioneers grown to more than a thousand workers at home and abroad, all devoted to the carrying on of our American Catholic part in the evangelization of the Orient. But that fact, of course, implies no indifference, rather the reverse, a keen and fraternal interest and cooperation, on the part of Maryknoll in the problems of the Church at home. Therefore, the experience and the assistance of this dynamic center of the foreign missions would be very much at the disposal of the little group that has now undertaken one of the major tasks of the enormous field of home missions. For now the whole Church throughout the world is visibly bracing itself to meet the shock of the world revolution of anti-God forces now desolating so many nations and whole races, and must face up to problems probably graver and more menacing than any encountered since the beginning of Christianity.

A vivid diagram in one of the numbers of *The Challenge* illustrates the particular problem that Father Bishop and his little group have taken as their particular task—which is to make a beginning, anyhow, in finding priests for those areas of the United States where at present there are no priests. Heavily massed in the South of the nation, and scattered over the rest of the land, are more than one thousand counties, equal in area to that of all the twelve mid-western states, with a portion of Colorado thrown in, or more than 750,000 square miles, about one-fourth of the whole country, which are destitute of Catholic priests. "And let us bear in mind," says the article in *The Challenge,*" that these counties include the region where the birth-rate is highest and the young people drift in large numbers into cities and towns of other sections. The human 'turn-over' here is therefore more rapid than elsewhere. Which, being translated, means that missionary work in these counties, over a given period of time, would affect from two to three times as many people as in any other section of equal population over the same period. Not only that, but it would have an indirect but constantly increasing influence upon all parts of the United States where the children of these counties settle after they become of age."

The pertinent facts concerning the religious and social situation of the immense population contained in the thousand American counties which when assembled in one place on the map constitute collectively what Father Bishop terms "the big dark square," shows that in these sections the best and the worst in our national life are strangely mingled. That is true, of course, of all parts of our country, but with this difference, namely, that in the "big dark square," the Church plays no part whatsoever, at least positively and in an organized fashion, because of the absence of her priests. As Father Bishop points out, in such regions there is a strong and enduring family life, and abundant children. The people predominantly are kind, hospitable. Even among the very poor there are cultural qualities kept intact by rural conditions that have great potentialities of high development. But on the other hand, this is the region of the highest homicide rate, of "feuds, lynchings, exploitation of labor, communicable disease, physical deformities, deepest poverty, densest ignorance, few active churches, and many abandoned churches." Yet it is also true that there is an innate love of religion, or at all events a deep desire for it, and it is for those reasons, among many others that might be mentioned, that these particular regions are the first objectives of Father Bishop's Home Missioners.

This movement goes to the very roots of our social problems; and in that sense it is akin to many other rural life movements in which Catholics and non-Catholics alike, and sometimes in association, have become increasingly interested. But it is unlike other movements in its direct representation of the fundamental concern of the Church, that of establishing the channels for the spreading of supernatural grace. It is to be hoped that readers of THE COMMONWEAL who take a practical interest in such movements will get in touch with Father Bishop. In one sense, his movement, perhaps, is a foreshadowing of what may well become the next chief task of the Catholic Church in the whole world, after the revolutionary upheavals have run their course—but however that may be, certainly there is wide and fertile ground for this particular work in our own country, and Father Bishop does not rest content with pointing out that fact—he is doing something about it.

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Communications

THE NEW FRENCH RÉGIME

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editors: . . . What apparently motivated his article was M. Simon's conviction that "there were in France . . . a number of powerful people for whom nothing was more important than doing away with democratic liberties and substituting for them some kind of fascist or nazi organization." Hence he looks upon the Pétain government as "a transitional régime intended to make possible a thorough domination of the international nazis over the French people." For him it is a régime which "willingly or not has staked its destiny on the defeat of Britain. . . . When the nazi power ends, the new régime will be swept away by the French people."

Nevertheless, M. Simon stated that he would not question "the personal character of Marshal Pétain or the purity of his intentions."

It was evidently impossible for M. Simon to reconcile these two points of view. According to M. Simon, either Marshal Pétain is a senile old fool or a willing stooge of the groups above mentioned. For, referring to those groups, M. Simon writes: "They could not seize the government right after the military collapse. . . . A transition was necessary. The French supporters of the dictators, in order to carry out their design safely, needed a man whose name was a symbol of patriotism; they needed a conservative; they needed a Catholic. . . . They devised the new régime of Marshal Pétain."

What does this mean if not that Marshal Pétain is so stupid that he cannot realize what "they" were after, or that he was merely their tool?

M. Simon should have told us who those "theys" were, how they were able to get 569 deputies and senators out of 649 present to vote Marshal Pétain into power, and how they had him accept the régime they devised without any loss of his personal character.

To disparage my article, M. Simon resorted at great length to the hackneyed device of dismissing my authorities as propaganda material: "a propaganda pamphlet containing official speeches adorned with footnotes." The "adorned" was evidently meant to be particularly devastating. As a matter of fact, the only documents I used were the addresses and an article of Marshal Pétain.

As a student of history and literature, I could not help noting that those addresses and that article were among the most moving and substantial documents ever written in any language. My aim was to bring their substance to the attention of the readers of THE COMMONWEAL, and to stress the startling phenomenon of the sudden appearance of Marshal Pétain and of his restoration of order out of the anarchy of the French defeat.

Anyone making an objective study of those speeches of the Marshal must at once sense that here is a man of surpassing stature whom no one could deceive or sway. Eighty-four-year-old Marshal Pétain restoring order out of chaos in 1940 is as astonishing a figure as seventeen-year-old Joan of Arc in 1429. Joan of Arc, Foch, Pétain! A nation that can produce them need have no fear as to its ultimate future, especially if it meditates on the ultimate source of their character.

Strictly keeping then within the data available, I wish to re-express my confidence that the Marshal will stand on his rights according to the armistice both with regard to the French fleet and to the French empire. If Germany violates the armistice, then, of course, a new chapter in Franco-German relations will open. Furthermore, it is clear that the Marshal stayed in France to protect the French people to the limit of his ability, and that his government will take whatever measures are at its disposition to protect them from starvation. And this of course may lead to regrettable incidents.

As to whether the French government should have abandoned the French people and gone to Africa to continue the war, I do not claim to have the military competence to decide, as M. Simon seems to do. I prefer to abide by the decision of a Weygand and a Pétain. However, it should be evident, even to a layman, that it was impossible to ask for the armistice which M. Simon agrees was the only recourse left, and at the same time to go to Africa to continue the war.

As to the Marshal's collaborating with Germany: if by collaboration is meant any act in support of the military action of Germany against England, I feel certain that we need have no fear on that account; if by collaboration is meant consultation with German officials in regard to the existing relations between France and Germany, evidently such consultations cannot be avoided. France is not under the swastika, but it is certainly necessarily living in terms of the armistice.

It is also clear that since the Pétain program is antipodal to that of nazism, it could not be carried out in a nazi-dominated Europe. The reconstruction of a free France, whatever may be its ultimate form of government, depends upon the victory of England.

On the other hand, it should be no less clear that England is making an even greater mistake than she did at Oran in refusing to accept the American offers to help relieve, among others, the wants of the Belgian and French populations. Our hearts may well go out to the English women and children living under bombardment, and England must win the war if only because of the ideologies which the nazis represent, but French and Belgian children dying from want of milk also cry to Heaven. As Cardinal O'Connell re-expressed it lately: "It can't be understood why any power should assume to prohibit giving food to people on the verge of starvation. To let them starve would be criminal."

Whether, when the nazi power ends, the Pétain régime will be swept away by the French people, as M. Simon avers, is another question. There are perhaps some people in France, as there are some here, who are partisans of Hitler; there are certainly some who for a long time have wanted the overthrow of the French Republic, the men of the Action Française in particular. I agree that these would like to get control of the French government and to use Pétain as a tool if they could.

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But, besides the fact that Pétain is precisely the kind of man that can not be used as a tool, those groups have always been extremely small, probably not as large, even proportionately, as our own pro-nazi and communistic groups in the United States.

One thing is sure. All the anti-Christian groups so ceaselessly active under the French Republic in dechristianizing France, all the communists, and all those for whom profit is the only fatherland would no doubt gladly sweep Pétain from power.

Whether these groups will be able to continue to hoodwink the French people after the nazis are out, and resume their anti-Christian campaigns and financial and political racketeering under cover of a supposedly liberal democracy, remains to be seen.

What is regrettable in M. Simon's article is that his hyper-consciousness of the existence of the first groups makes him ignore the nefarious existence of the second, and hence prevents him from seeing Marshal Pétain as he really is: the restorer of order on the morrow of the débâcle, the courageous helmsman guiding on slowly the ship of France through numberless shoals toward a nationally-willed reorganization which would put a check upon the destructive forces which have brought her to her present plight.

This is a superhuman task and Pétain may fail, but any one of us may well believe that if he does France will not have learnt the lesson of her defeat.

However, I did not write my article as a partisan. France is living today under a constitutional dictatorship inevitable in her time of ultimate crisis, just as we are already living under an enlargement of the executive power because of our own critical position. The constitutional dictatorship of France has a program of political, social and economic reconstruction. M. Simon may make fun of that program and call it derisively the solution of all antinomies, forgetting that the reduction of such antinomies through social realism is the substance of the program of Catholic social action. At any rate this program is there to be studied in the addresses of Marshal Pétain. As a matter of documentation, I thought it should be brought to the readers of THE COMMONWEAL.

Beyond that I did not care personally to go, and I even recognized that there would be mistakes made. I had in mind the Jewish question, though we hardly know its details; and I am willing to add the question of political refugees, though the right of extradition is a much involved legal question and hence one in which the honor of France was not so clearly at stake as it was in the question of the disarmament of the French navy for which the Marshal so strenuously fought. I wrote, as I always try to write: as an objective student of ideas, reserving my allegiance for those which coincide with Catholic philosophy. And within Catholic philosophy there are many mansions, even though there can be no contradictories, and abundant charity, even though there can be no compromise with truth.

Again, what the government of France may be after Pétain passes from the scene no one can know. It may fall into the hands of the small group M. Simon fears, though it is not at all likely; or under the control of the anti-Christian groups, which is much more possible; or become a truly liberal republic, like the United States, with a sufficiently strong executive, which the third French Republic was not, and that is my own fervent wish.

But this is certain. There is no legitimate or constitutional French government today save the Pétain government. This particular hour of French history, even though it should prove fleeting, has the right of being recorded on its merits. In justice, Marshal Pétain has the right to be credited with what he has done or would do. Because of it, ex-ambassador Bullitt endorsed him, while President Roosevelt sent him a representative of the United States as the successor of Mr. Bullitt. Because of it, Pastor Boegner, the president of the Protestant Federation of the Reformed Churches in France, wrote: "At the bedside of battered France, all Protestants must rally behind the Marshal"; while the National Assembly of the French Cardinals and Archbishops stated in their address to His Holiness: "Absolutely resolved to remain on the religious plane, we intend to avoid political and partisan action, and to remain wholly devoted to the spiritual good of souls and to the relief of misfortunes. In the social and civic domain, we profess a complete loyalty toward the established French government, and we ask the faithful to entertain the same spirit."

What more need be said? LOUIS J. A. MERCIER.

The Stage & Screen

Watch on the Rhine

I WENT to "Watch on the Rhine" with high hopes, as I had read the reviews of several of my fellow critics, and with one exception they declared Miss Hellman's play a masterpiece, beautifully acted and superbly directed. My hopes were not realized. I found it a poorly constructed play, with much of the dialogue strained and unreal. Moreover many of the characters seemed equally unreal, and the author's knowledge of how American people of tradition act and speak seemed, to say the least, peculiar. In fact it seemed incredible that the woman who wrote "The Little Foxes" should have written "Watch on the Rhine." I am not attacking most the spirit which animated the play, though why Miss Hellman should continually employ the term "fascist" instead of "nazi" is difficult to understand. The play is about a German anti-nazi who kills a Roumanian blackmailer so that he may return undetected to Germany to rescue some of his comrades. Perhaps the clue may be found in some remarks interjected by the youngest member of the cast, the anti-nazi's ten-year-old son. These are decidedly of a communist tinge, and it may be that Miss Hellman wanted to write such a play but didn't quite dare. But these remarks, as well as the use of the word "fascist," are distinctly out of place if we are to take the play as anti-nazi propaganda. An anti-nazi play with occasional obeisances to Moscow is a contradiction in terms.

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But my objection to the play is not one of message; it is simply that aside from the refugees themselves it is unreal in characterization, that the first two acts are a bore and that the true ending of the play occurs immediately after the murder, while the interminable farewell of Kurt Mueller which follows is theatrical and tiresome. Moreover, for once I found Herman Shumlin's direction unimaginative and insensitive. The way he keeps some of the characters and particularly the one impersonated by John Lodge standing about with nothing to do is positively humorous—though I am sure it is not to the actors! Most of the acting is excellent. Paul Lucas proves himself an even finer artist than his movie appearances had indicated. He possesses force, dignity, feeling and pathos. Mady Christians is equally admirable as his wife, and George Coulouris makes an old-time villain really human. John Lodge is distinguished in appearance and does the best he can with a wooden part, and little Eric Roberts as a wonder-child is most amusing. Lucille Watson is given an unreal part and therefore mustn't be criticized for not making it real.

The play is in essence a melodrama, but the melodrama comes only in the last act. The scenes before are probably supposed to be comedy of manners, but, as I have suggested, the manners are peculiar. They may well be those of New York vulgarians of wealth, but they certainly do not belong to Washingtonians of breeding. The way, for instance, the lady of the house yells at her companion, and her companion yells back at her is out of place in the *milieu* Miss Hellman has chosen. Equally impossible is the scene in which the wife of the Roumanian tells him she is going to leave him before an audience of practically the entire cast. In short, "Watch on the Rhine" is a sad come-down after "The Little Foxes." *(At the Martin Beck Theatre.)*

The Trojan Women

THE Experimental Theatre, Inc., has shown courage and idealism in presenting as its first contribution "The Trojan Women" of Euripides. There are several excellent things in the production. Miss Margaret Webster has dignity and force as Andromache, Dame May Whitty gives pathos if not tragic breadth to Hecuba, Charles Francis is excellent as the voice of Poseidon, and the young women of the chorus speak with distinction and clarity. On the debit side are the Menelaus and Helen who apparently thought, or were taught to think, that they were playing in Offenbach rather than in Euripides, the very tiresome prologue by Robert Turney, and the costuming of the male members as Nazis. The latter two inventions were intended apparently to emphasize the up-to-dateness of the tragedy as a philippic against war. This was entirely unnecessary. The lines speak for themselves. The version used is Professor Murray's, which, if rather Swinburnian for a true rendering of the Greek, possesses lyric beauty. Margaret Webster is the director, and has evidently worked hard, sometimes perhaps too hard in attempting the novel. But on the whole a praiseworthy attempt. (*At the Cort Theatre*).

GRENVILLE VERNON.

You Takes Yer Choice

HOLLYWOOD offers a wide variety of cinema this week to please an even wider variety of audiences. The Lady Hamilton-Lord Nelson love affair and scandal is too well known now for anyone to be shocked at it anew. In retelling the story in the films, Alexander Korda has no intention either of stressing the lurid details or of glossing over the adultery of two famous people. In spite of a certain amount of glamour that movies take on through their stars, Korda manages to present Emma Hart as a scheming female and Nelson as the naval hero whose unpleasant personal life the English had to overlook because he saved their fleet from Napoleon. Although Korda has skilfully directed an outstanding cast in Walter Reisch's and R. C. Sherriff's screenplay, he has not entirely succeeded in turning out a moving drama. Vivien Leigh is a slim, lovely, unhistorical Lady Hamilton. Laurence Olivier (buried under a forbiding make-up which includes battle scars and only one eye and one arm), with very few opportunities to overact, plays Nelson with convincing reality and rises to the requirements of his big scene, that death-of-a-great-man sequence when the admiral is killed at Trafalgar. The difficult rôles of Lord Hamilton and Lady Nelson are well handled: Alan Mowbray makes the art-loving minister to Naples more than a cuckolded fool; Gladys Cooper portrays the deserted wife as the bitter woman she must have been when she saw her husband's mistress take her place beside the returning hero. As Emma's vulgar mother, Sara Allgood injects some comedy into this rather humorless film. But the picture is really beautiful Vivien Leigh's. She runs the whole gamut from the time she is the girlish Emma Hart, who becomes the vivacious Lady Hamilton, then the mistress of a national hero, until we last see her fallen with the dregs in a Calais prison. Lady Hamilton herself tells the story in a flashback technique that somewhat strains one's credulity. The big moments in history are handled simply and effectively; in fact Korda avoids the grand manner. Costumes and sets are done in the best of taste. While American audiences may be doubtful about the propaganda and the suitability of the story as cinema material, the English will be pleased at the film's Britannia-rules-the-waves theme, the Hitler-Napoleon analogy and the fantastic explanation for the necessity of the British Commonwealth.

"The Great Lie" is a little confused about what it had in mind. Lenore Coffee's screenplay concerns the battling of two women over one man. As the film opens, he has just married Wife No. 1, a famous pianist. But his marriage isn't legal, so Wife No. 2 snatches him quickly. Then after the man gets himself lost up the Amazon, the pianist discovers she's going to have his child. So No. 2 rushes No. 1 to Arizona, watches over the birth like a nervous papa, and then takes the baby. When the father returns, the real mother and the pretender continue their wrangling. More astonished than the audience at this Machiavellian maneuvering over husband and child is a patient, toned-down Bette Davis, as the great liar, watching Mary Astor throw tantrums and do very well in the kind of a nasty rôle in which Davis always does so well.

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As the man, George Brent only has to be "handsome, clever, gay" and rich and get lost in the jungle while the two smartly-dressed women carry on their verbal dueling and snappy repartee. Edmund Goulding directed this tangle; no one bothered to comment on the muddled morals.

If it's an hour and a half of fun you want, go to see Bing Crosby and Bob Hope cavorting on the *"Road to Zanzibar"* in one of those comedies that really is a "laugh riot." Frank Butler's and Don Hartman's screenplay doesn't make too much sense, but it is packed with clever lines. Bing and Bob are the boys to put 'em over—gag, pun and quip. Director Victor Schertzinger keeps things moving at a fast clip; you even don't mind the entrance, in about the middle of the film, of Dorothy Lamour, Una Merkel and love interest. They and a couple of songs by Dorothy and Bing give you a chance to catch your breath in between laughs. The humor depends mainly on dialogue and the boys' excellent timing. There isn't much action until the film swings into a delightful travesty on African travel pictures and reaches its height of excitement when our two heroes, captured by cannibals, almost become a couple of men who came to dinner.

Hollywood takes another fling at satirizing politics and legislating machinery. Under the able guidance of Frank Lloyd, the ribbing is set in Wyoming during the seventies (so no prominent politician of today can be seriously upset). In spite of Director Lloyd's allowing the very thin story to drag occasionally, *"The Lady from Cheyenne"* provides gay, adult entertainment as its tongue-in-cheek script tells how one part of the West stopped being a man's world. Loretta Young, in an unusually good performance, plays the militant schoolmarm with forthright sprightliness. Rebeling against the crooked politics and strong-armed swindling of Boss Edward Arnold (who has played this rôle so aften, he does it now as a symbol without acting), she goes to Cheyenne to get the vote for women—who will most certainly know how to dispose of scoundrels. From then on the picture focuses on female chicanery and becomes a farcical exposé of how the women's suffrage bill got through this legislature. Loretta is well assisted by Robert Preston, Frank Craven, Gladys George and Jessie Ralph. Wyoming will be surprised.

If you haven't been seeing too much of James Stewart in the rotogravures and newsreels lately (which gave no one a chance to overlook his induction into the army) you can still see more of him in James Roosevelt's first Hollywood production. While Stewart isn't at his best in a musical film designed purely for entertainment, he conducts himself credibly, sings, plays a harmonica, manages to keep up with Horace Heidt's Musical Knights and Paulette Goddard's dancing. *"Pot o' Gold"* rambles under George Marshall's direction; its story, showing how a radio program resulted from two families' feuding, relies too often on Stewart's brand of charm, Charles Winninger's putting over some worn-out, homespun jokes, and Heidt's music. Stewart's singing a number about a bugler boy may be timely enough, but most of the proceedings, which strain too hard to be cute, become tediously depressing.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

How England Takes It

Come Wind, Come Weather. Daphne Du Maurier. Doubleday. $.25.
England's Hour. Vera Brittain. Macmillan. $2.50.
They'll Never Quit. Harvey Klemmer. Funk. $2.50.

THESE three books offer some answer to the question of how England manages to take it and keep her chin up. The books of Daphne Du Maurier and Vera Brittain breathe a quiet confidence and a US Embassy official, Harvey Klemmer, gives an outsider's objective testimony to the peculiar qualities now being manifested by the English nation.

Apparently we are living in an age of mysticism (both real and false) and what this may signify is not clear. Nazi Germany's attack upon the rest of the world is due in some measure to the convenient identification of God with the German race. Hitler apparently is a sort of Nordic Messiah. England stands out in the present conflict with another sort of mysticism, mellowed with Oxford dons, port wine and vicarages, and in sharp contrast to Prussian glass eyes and military boots. God has formed an essential part of the cultural tradition of England since the sixteenth century, and has always proved His usefulness in times of crisis. England again relies upon her spiritual strength.

Miss Du Maurier's book is important in showing some of the thought on matters of religion now going on in England. She sees in the midst of the present conflict a growing spirituality among the English people. "Come Wind, Come Weather" is a sincere—perhaps the right word is "charming"—account of the growing acts of kindness and understanding between the classes in England. Several of Miss Du Maurier's characters exhibit an exquisite tact in bridging class differences. Apparently it is not so much Hitler's bombs as the active practice of Christianity that is bringing about a somewhat "chummy" atmosphere among the people she describes.

Her little book consists of a number of *exempla* illustrating the results of practicing unselfishness and reliance on God. Sometimes Miss Du Maurier takes as an illustration the wife of a retired army colonel or a successful doctor, sometimes a miner or an unsuccessful charwoman. Like Chaucer, she omits the highest aristocracy and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Her conclusion:

> The simple stories you have read in this book show how men and women have conquered the enemy from within, and are now armed with faith and fortitude to face the future.

Miss Du Maurier is a follower of Dr. Buchman, the "Oxford Grouper." The "power" that her *exempla* exhibit resides in "that still small voice which is the voice of God." The reviewer has been impressed by the Buchmanites, but he wonders whether they would be less pleasing to God if they had a more highly developed sense of humor. Without a sense of humor, even the most heroic efforts in the spiritual life tend toward self-centeredness, reminding one a little of Milton, Wordsworth and moth-balls. But in seriousness, Father Cyril Darcy, S.J., has a word of caution in "Mirage and Truth" on the "still small voice":

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> The last way which is regarded often as the most authentic is in truth the most open to illusion and disappointment. Carried away by the sense of victory, of a new birth into invincible strength, it mistakes the accompanying and passing experience for solid perfection which is far from being yet attained.

"This is your hour, and the power of darkness (Luke xxii. 53)" is a quotation on the title page of Vera Brittain's book and the general key to its contents. Miss Britain is more of a realist and more of a humanist than Miss Du Maurier. She has a feminine eye for the major contrasts which a war causes. The sun rises and the day is beautiful no matter what man is up to. An idyllic summer in the New Forest, and the rumble of distant guns and the retreat from Dunkerque afford an impressive contrast. In Miss Brittain's travels up and down the country, including a visit to the industrial midlands and to Somerville College, Oxford, the reader finds the familiar pattern of English life. All sorts of splendid virtues are being freely proved, particularly that of patience in the field of social relations. When any member of the minor gentry may have an East Ender for an unexpected week-end guest, all sort of social ripples occur that have to be guided in a truly spiritual and patriotic light. The problem of class is particularly acute in the air-raid shelters. "One group will refuse to enter the same shelter as another from their street."

The epilogue of Miss Brittain's book contains a religious message, not less sincere than Miss Du Maurier's but more realistic: "If we are to ask for God's help we must do so on His terms. . . . from making expediency the test of truth and right, Good Lord deliver us." Elsewhere she asks, "Can we lay the blame for Europe's catastrophe wholly upon others, when we have failed to lay even the foundation stones of our own City of God?"

From the Catholic point of view, the value of the awakened spirituality of England as evidenced in these books is to be determined by the right use it makes of the intellect. Belloc has severely criticized his contemporaries in that they live upon their emotion "and know of hardly any other process for arriving at conviction." The spirituality of these writers can end either in revivalism or in Saint Thomas Aquinas. English mysticism tends toward an entirely "interior" life, to the presumed possession of uncommunicable truths within—and this may partly explain why, on the whole, English people have never felt it necessary to explain themselves to other nations.

"They'll Never Quit" is a good piece of direct, unintellectual reporting. Harvey Klemmer, attached to the US Embassy in London, has the peculiarly American habit of hitting the reader with facts. He tells you, for example,

> Statisticians declare that one's chances of being within fifty yards of an exploding bomb in London are one in 256,000.

Mr. Klemmer intends to leave no doubt in the matter for he says:

> The figure looks all right to me and I have no doubt that one's chances of being hit by an individual bomb are not greater than one in 256,000.

Mr. Klemmer's facts are often of the same piquant and authenticated nature. He paints with vivid realism some of the more terrible aspects of aerial war, but these things only bring out more emphatically the imperturbability of the British, which he believes is founded in the imperial tradition. Miss Brittain quotes Dr. Joad's definition of morale as "the willingness to die quietly," but Mr. Klemmer finds its justification in "the calm inner confidence which they have in ultimate victory." "I have a feeling that, by the grace of God, and with the help of the United States, they are going to pull through again." Mr. Klemmer sees a Britain-US alliance as in the nature of things:

> The thing that concerns us is that the present division of wealth is very much in our favor and that anybody who disturbs it isn't going to be very popular out our way. Not at all; we've got ours and aren't going to give up any of it to anybody.

Apparently all that the US has to do is to hurry before the war is terminated with arsenic gas, and replace the inglorious swastika by the glorious eagle.

What man can hope to pass unscathed in the Noah's flood of sophistry in which we are now engulfed? What of Christ? Are those qualities of which nations boast—efficiency and speed in the US, loyalty to race and implicit obedience in Germany, uncommunicable rightness and stoicism in England, real virtues? The pseudo-mysticism that exalts the individual in the possession of those truths that are advantageous to him and permits him to ignore those aspects of reality which are annoying: the pseudo-mysticism that incorporates God in a partial truth that is also a wholesale lie: this is the essence of the modern tragedy. If we seek truth, let us be prepared for something that is complicated, unsettling and making for a complete humility.

WILLIAM J. GRACE.

HISTORY

The Hero in America. Dixon Wecter. Scribner. $3.50.

GIVEN, as Saint Augustine noted, the restlessness of men this side of Paradise, they are likely to operate on what economists call the principle of substitution. That hero-worship is a religious exercise the Chinese long ago demonstrated. A nation like our own, where so many once pulled themselves up by the bootstraps, easily develops a snobbery of patriotism. Snobbery really consists in a mythical evocation of one's past. A country like our own, which owes its existence to revolution but fears another one, must constantly take refuge in the principle of legitimacy. Our present and future will be secure in proportion as we respect the makers of our past. Thus, as Mr. Wecter points out, we are the premier nation of hero-worshippers.

It is with this national exercise that Mr. Wecter concerns himself. He discovers to us that the term "hero-worship" was first used in 1757 by David Hume. Mr. Wecter finds that heroes are names that stir our collective responses. How accurate is the use of the word "worship" is seen when we learn that guards at the Lincoln Memorial tell of people who "often come alone and kneel, with moving lips, before the softly lighted figure in stone who from his Greek temple broods over the great republic."

This book is a collection of separate essays on our folk heroes. Mr. Wecter considers the separate fates of Captain John Smith, of the Puritans, Franklin and the rest with whom we are all familiar. He tells of the hard fight to rescue Washington from Parson Weems, of the systematic libels on Jefferson, "the gentlest of Girondists." There is an atomizing essay on Jackson in which the au-

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thor concludes that "if one removes the homespun fibres in Jackson's character, there is great risk that nothing will be left save an abstraction of hardihood." Bryan, Wilson and both Roosevelts are dealt with. But the longest essay is reserved for Lincoln.

But Mr. Wecter does not merely write about these leaders. He attempts critically to evaluate their place in our folklore. Which remain fixed in the American mind and heart? Whose statures have diminished and whose increased? How do these folk heroes stand among the historians? These are some of the questions he raises and answers. Thus he has given us a collection of biographies, a set of critical essays, searches in historiography and an absorbing book. I recommend, especially, his illuminating essay on the mythology of the dime novel.

Into his book Mr. Wecter has poured a great deal of learning and reverence. But to these qualities he adds the skepticism of a critical mind, and the humor of a healthy one. Only once does he err factually. He writes that Jefferson's phrase about "entangling alliances" is to be found in the second, when everyone knows it is a part of Jefferson's first inaugural address. Only once does he take himself and his subject too seriously. That is when he finds that the fall of France proves that a nation is doomed which cannot evoke the spirit of its dead heroes or give birth to new ones. A nation economically subject to two hundred families, who run to the exits in the face of mild reforms by a Blum government, was not to be saved by nostalgic essays in lyric incantation.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

The Catholic Church in Indiana, 1789-1884. *Thomas T. McAvoy. Columbia.* $2.25.

A DETAILED account of the history of the Catholic Church in Indiana, and especially at Vincennes. The author has a scholarly knowledge of the missionary work carried on through innumerable vicissitudes at and around Vincennes. His exactness might prove tiring were it not that every single event is heavy with consequence. Father McAvoy's patient, sympathetic survey of the founding and continuance of the Catholic Church in Indiana brings to light the elusive contribution of the French pioneers and settlers. But the interest of the book is not confined to this historical study of a limited American region. It will hold the attention of anyone who is anxiously trying to understand the reaction of the French to the present situation. What happened in Indiana, is, I believe, characteristic of the French throughout history.

Father McAvoy emphasizes over and over again the fact that it is difficult to put one's finger on the French contribution to Catholicism in Indiana—there were practically no material achievements. The later immigrants, Irish and German, were responsible for the material flourishing of the Church. But the spiritual foundation without which no Church can prosper, no matter the material achievement, had been built slowly, unostentatiously, through heart-rending hardships by the French. Almost two hundred years of patient, hidden faithfulness to the things of the spirit. And what moves us most is the very human expression of that faithfulness. It is no rigid adherence to a moral code. That faithfulness stumbles pitifully over and over again, not only against material suffering, but also, and more frequently, against human weaknesses. And the beauty of it is precisely that the faith the French pioneers kept had nothing to

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do with their own ability "to live right." It transcends the little human efforts to be "good." There was the wilderness, the loneliness, entire generations brought up without a priest, no help from the "American" neighbors, and, more than anything else, the shortcomings of the French pioneers themselves. Still they kept the faith.

Materially speaking Vincennes is a failure, and, at that, an extreme one, since the French could not even afford to support their own missionaries. But they were to triumph in the things of the spirit. "If the Catholic Faith," says Father McAvoy, "centered in these localities, it was because the late missionaries found here French Catholics with whom to re-establish congregations. . . . These French Catholics gave the spiritual example of fidelity amidst trials. . . . " Father McAvoy is to be congratulated for having brought to light, in 1941, the unspectacular, timeless and typically French deed.

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

POETRY

Poets of Our Time. Rica Brenner. Harcourt. $2.50.

PERHAPS it should not be mentioned, perhaps a reviewer should docilely accept Rica Brenner's own dictum in regard to who is and who is not a poet, modern or otherwise. Yet "What is a poet?" remains, despite the most conscientious attempts to define an unanswerable question. Nor can ballyhoo, bandwagons, singing in the streets, or any other device of bringing a writer to public attention as a poet, stifle it. As a preliminary, then, to an appraisal of this very fine and interesting book, it is well to state that Miss Brenner leaves herself open to challenge on a very important point. In her analyses, it seems obvious that she dismisses any consideration of poet *vs.* versifer, assumes (it is true, with some justification, since other dicta have perpetuated both truth and fallacy in past criticisms) her subjects as poets, and proceeds without any but passing relationship of their work to poetry as a fine art.

Of those discussed—Stephen Vincent Benét, Archibald MacLeish, Vachel Lindsay, Thomas Stearns Eliot, Sara Teasdale, Wystan Hugh Auden, Stephen Spender, Elinor Wylie and William Butler Yeats—she provides the biographical backgrounds and gives excellent evaluations of what inspires and influences their work, what poetic theories they follow and what outlooks, if not actually crystallized and formal philosophies of life, they possess. She has wisely gone both to the poet's poetry or verse and to his prose. There are profuse illustrations of the analyses she makes and the reader, without any previous knowledge of the poetic work under consideration, is provided with sufficient quotations to determine his own opinions of the authors' work *qua* poetry. There are also passing occasions when Miss Brenner takes some cognizance of the clay feet but for the greater part of the time she fixes her gaze higher above the pedestal.

Valuable as "Poets of Our Times" is, it would be much more so, and cheering too, if she had laid down her own concepts of the norms of poetry and thereafter used such a yardstick for her determinations of when the poet was really writing poetry, when he was writing verse (or worse—to repeat a pun), when he was merely indulging in personal expression or even exhibitionism. In such procedure, we might find truer reappraisal than any heretofore available. We might even find a new point of departure for sounder critique in this particular field.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

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The Inner Forum

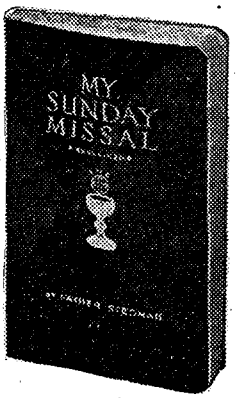
REVEREND CORNELIUS C. CLIFFORD, who died two years ago, is widely recognized as the leading figure in the Liturgical revival in this country. In addition to his work as pastor of Our Lady of Mercy Church at Whippany, N. J., and as lecturer in philosophy at Columbia University in New York, Father Clifford wrote "Introibo" and "The Burden of the Time," two books that sounded a clarion call to clergy, religious and laity to forward the cause of spreading participation in the official worship of the Church.

Today there are a number of effective instruments working in this field to enrich the lives of Catholics in this country. The Benedictines of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota, have been publishing *Orate Fratres* for the past 15 years; it comes out 12 times a year. Twenty per cent of their subscribers, who come from 46 states and 32 foreign countries, are laymen, 35 per cent religious and 45 per cent clergy. In the last few years their subscription renewal rate has been 85 per cent. An indication of increased interest in this subject is the fact that subscriptions have gone up by 20 per cent in the past two years. Another indication is the interest manifested in Monsignor Hellriegel's current series in *Orate Fratres,* "Merely suggesting"—practical application of the Liturgical Year to parish life. *Liturgical Arts,* the distinguished quarterly published at 300 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., and devoted to the artistic aspects of the movement is celebrating its tenth anniversary in 1941.

In the field of liturgical music the most important force in this country is the Pius X School of Liturgical Music, conducted by Mother Georgia Stevens and the Madames of the Sacred Heart at 133rd Street and Convent Avenue in New York. The League of the Divine Office now includes some 600 formally inscribed members who each day recite certain portions of the Office of the Church, and periodically assemble to recite together.

Of the current counterparts to Father Clifford's books, "Men at Work at Worship" by Gerald Ellard, S.J. (Longmans) is, according to current publishers' reports, the best seller. It is closely followed by Paul Bussard's, "The Sacrifice" (The Leaflet Missal of St. Paul, publisher) and Dom Virgil Michel's "The Liturgy of the Church" (Macmillan). Sheed & Ward reports that Maurice Zundel's "The Splendor of the Liturgy" is "one of the six best selling books at that price on our list," while Romano Guardini's little volume containing "The Spirit of the Liturgy" is "one of the best-sellers in the 'Catholic Masterpieces' series." Mary Perkins' "Your Catholic Language" was one of Sheed & Ward's 10 best-sellers in 1940. Pamphlets on the Rites of Baptism, Confirmation, "Marriage in Christ," published by the St. John's Abbey at Collegeville have gone into several editions of 10,000 each, as has "Into Thy Hands," a complete Compline booklet "used in quite a number of schools for community night prayers." The Liturgical Press has also sold over 150,000 copies of the "Parish Kyriele" for singing the Mass in common.

Rev. Paul Bussard, editor of the *Leaflet Missal,* of 55 East 10th Street, St. Paul, Minnesota, believes that in the past 12 years that medium has taught 3,000,000 Catholics



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how to use a bound missal. Its circulation each week remains at about 30,000 due to the fact that new subscribers replace those who have learned to "pray the Mass" well enough to use a bound missal. The *Leaflet Missal* is distributed in large numbers at the church door at three churches in St. Louis, Missouri, and at single parish churches in Boston, Mass.; the Bronx, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Detroit, Mich.; Jackson Heights, N. Y.; New York, N. Y., and Washington, Delaware.

As far as numbers go the greatest indication of the progress of the Liturgical Movement in this country is the sale of Missals. Philipp H. Oehl of P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 12 Barclay Street, New York, N. Y., reports that before 1921 the only missals published in this country were "The Mass for Sundays and Holydays" and "The Mass for Every Day" by Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J. There are 25 missals published here listed by the Kenedy bookstore today.

Figures for the sale of missals are even more striking. When Kenedy brought out a 15c edition of the "Catholic Sunday Missal" in 1936 nearly 500,000 copies were sold the first year. A smaller edition at the same price resulted in sales of over 2,000,000 copies. Sales of Kenedy missals from 1930-40 were 18 times their sales in the previous decade. The April issue of *Columbia* reports that in the past three years Rev. Joseph F. Stedman of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood, 5300 Fort Hamilton Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y., has sold over 3,000,000 copies of "My Sunday Missal." And there are several other American publishers whose missals have sold in the hundreds of thousands.

Finally, there is the interest manifested in the Liturgical Week held in Chicago last fall. "National Liturgical Week" published by the Benedictine Liturgical Conference at 528 High Street, Newark, N. J., was recently published in book form. Before a single review of the volume had appeared in print the first edition of 2,000 copies was practically exhausted. Much is anticipated of the Liturgical Week to be held in St. Paul, Minn., October 29-24.

CONTRIBUTORS

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